Three mules came over a hill
They were dragging a cart
Creaking, it seemed to be falling apart
Laden with millions of dreams
It weighed more than they thought
They never noticed the wheels getting caught
They pulled on, staring ahead
With blinkered eyes and lowered heads
Hoping that all would be fine
I see them now
Time out of time

Ramsey and Stanley and Neville Were the names of the mules Each wore a bridle encrusted with jewels And though a murmur of voices Was rising behind Each laboured on And they paid it no mind They pulled on with never a doubt Past boulders and holes Till the road petered out And giving a snort they sat down Waiting for somebody else to come round And from this are our lives writ large From the beach at Dunkirk To Pickett's Charge And it's hard to go back after coming this far Down the road

Three mules looked over a fence At the field beyond Green as a forest it shone in the sun Into the stillness they broke Like a stone in a pond And kicking the gate down They brayed at the ground And pulled on tugging a dream Out of a smile and into a scream And tossed the damp soil all around Until the whole field turned muddy brown And from this are our lives writ large From the beach at Dunkirk To Pickett's Charge And it's hard to go back after coming this far Down the road

Ah, but it's not very easy now being a mule I don't believe you appreciate all that we do Look at this long and unfortunate face Try to imagine that you're in my place This is my nature And to it I have to be true

Three mules came over a hill

With a sorrowful air Though we've been judged, they said It's hardly fair All that we did was for you And the good of the cause Then they went back to the sound of applause They went back into the night Where a sickle of moon Left a trickle of light And while we lay under our roofs The whole night filled up With the beating of hooves And from this are our lives writ large From the beach at Dunkirk To Pickett's Charge And it's hard to go back after coming this far Down the road

And from this are our lives writ large And every day Is Pickett's Charge And it's hard to go back after coming this far Down the road